HYMN XXIV.

MELANCHOLY.

I.

O Pluck me quick the raven's quill,
And I will ſet me down,
My deſtin'd purpoſe to fulfil,
But with this interrupted ſkill,
Of thought and grief profound.

How

II.

How to begin, and how depart,
From this ſad fav'rite theme,
The man of ſorrow in my heart,
I at my own ideas ſtart,
As dread as Daniel's dream.

III.

As ſoon as born the infant cries,
For well his ſpirit knows,
A little while, and then he dies,
A little while, and down he lies,
To take a ſtern repoſe.

IV.

But man's own death is not th' event,
For which moſt tears are due;
Wife, children, to the grave are ſent,
Or friends to make the heart repent,
That it ſuch bleſſings knew.

O thou